

## KEEP YOUR FEET DRY!

is one of the most necessary things for the Preservation of health, AND YOU CAN DO THIS EFFICIENTLY BY GETTING—  
—Your—

## BOOTS & SHOES

AT  
**PAUL RUFF'S.**

Boot and Shoe Store.

Mr. R. keeps always on hand the very

**BEST MATERIAL,**

is determined to make

**FIRST CLASS WORK,**

AND WILL GIVE

**GOOD SATISFACTION**

TO HIS PATRONS.

Kip, Calf and Stoga Boots

MADE TO ORDER.

And all Repairing Neatly Done.

Give him a fair trial. That is all he asks.

Feb. 14, 1868.

**STOLL, BROTHER & CO.**

(Successors of Wormly, Reed & Co.)

Proprietors of the

**UPPER SANDUSKY**

**PLANING MILL**

AND LUMBER YARD.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Doors, Sash, Blinds

BATTENS & MOULDINGS.

Door & Window Frames, Lath

and Fingles!

And all kinds of DRESSED LUMBER,

consisting of

**FLOORING, SIDING,**

And all other kinds used in buildings.

We also keep for sale all kinds of lumber,

which we will sell reasonable.

STOLL, BROS. & CO.

**IMPORTANT**

TO

**BUILDERS**

AND OTHERS.

—  
**ADAMS'**

Painting and Graining

**MACHINE!**

FOR IMITATING BLACK WALNUT,

OAK, AND ROSEWOOD IN OIL.

It does the work better than the wood

itself, and is so cheap, that all can now afford

to have their houses grained.

Having bought the exclusive right to

use Adams' Patent grainer in Wyandot

County, Ohio, my wife, Mrs. HENRY

HOUGH, and I, HERBERT A. HOUGH,

do hereby certify that we have no objection

to the use of this machine by any person

who may wish to use it.

Witness our hands and seals, this 14th day

of January, A.D. 1868.

HERBERT A. HOUGH.

By GRIFFITH & KAIL, his Attys.

Jan. 27, 1868, 11-6w

**TO THE AFFLICTED.**

**MRS. LOUISA FROSCH,**

**HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN!**

Cleveland, Ohio.

Has great success in curing Chronic

Diseases, using Internal and External

Remedies. Electricity, Life-resuscitator,

(Bainsheld) Liniments, Baths and

Poultices.

Mrs. Frosch will be here again on the

## YOU ALL

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

AND

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia.

Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in

1855.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

AND

THEY CURED YOUR

CHILDREN.

They are entirely different from the many

preparations now in the market.

They are no "Tonic" or "Bitter."

They are no "Laxative" or "Purgative."

They are no "Blood Purifier" or "Blood

Medicine."

They are no "Nervine" or "Nerve

Tonic."

They are no "Stomachic" or "Stomach

Regulator."

They are no "Diuretic" or "Diuretic

Medicine."

They are no "Antacid" or "Antacid

Medicine."

They are no "Antispasmodic" or "Antispasmodic

Medicine."

They are no "Antifebrile" or "Antifebrile

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## EXCELSIOR.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

BY CHARLES W. BENNISON.

The drunkard dreamt of his old retreat.

Of his cozy place in his father's room.

And the liquor gleamed on his glowing eye.

Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.

He lifted it up with an eager glance,

And sang as he saw the bubbles dance.

"Aha! I am myself again!

Here's a toast to care, an adieu to pain.

Welcome the cup with its icy foam!

Farewell to work and a merry home!

With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl

In bar-room pleasures I love to roll.

Like a flash there came to the drunkard's side

This angel child, who that night had died!

With look so gentle and sweet and fond

She touched his glass with her little hand;

And out as he raised it up to drink

She sat it tipped on its trembling brink.

The drunkard shook from foot to crown,

And sat the untasted goblet down.

"Hey, man," cried the host, "what meaneth

this?"

Is the core sick? or is the dream again?

Cheer up, my lad! quick the bumper again!"

And he, glared around with a fustian laugh.

The drunkard raised his glass once more,

And looked at its depths as it looked before:

But started to see on its pictured foam

The face of his dead little child at home!

Then again the landlord at him leered,

And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered;

But still as he that glass tried to drink,

The wand of the dead one tapped its brink!

The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,

Thou shalt take every drop of this foaming can!

The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,

Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim;

But at the hard smack faster than before,

The glass was flung on the bar-room floor;

And the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard woke. His dream was gone:

He was locked in the light of dawn!

But heavy, as he took with pale cold fear,

A beautiful angel hovering near.

He rose; and the seraph was nigh him still;

He kissed his passion: "I saw thy will!"

Released from his life the maddening bowl;

And victory gave to his ransomed soul!

Since ever that mid-light hour he dreamed

Of his angel child, who that night had died!

And this is the prayer that he prays away,

And this is the prayer that he prays away:

That angels may come in every land,

And dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

—

**Diamond Cut Diamond.**

In the village of—lived a man

who had once been a judge of the

county, and well known all over it

by the name of Judge R.—He

kept a store and a sawmill, and

was always sure to have the best of

the goods in his store, and he had

gained ample fortune, and some

did not hesitate to call him the big-

gest rascal in the world. He was

very conceited withal, and used to

brag of his business capacity when-

ever any one was near to listen.

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